

THE  
SIEGE  
OF THE  
Castle of Æsculapius;  
AN  
HEROIC COMEDY.

As it is acted at the  
THEATRE IN WARWICK-LANE.

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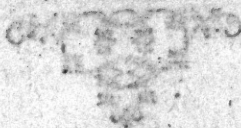
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LONDON:  
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THE  
SILENT

OF THE  
Castle of Argolis

HEROIC COMEDY



LONDON  
Printed for S. B. ...  
M. DCCC. XXIII



# P R O L O G U E

*W*HEN mighty kings have aught to urge, you  
know,

*They send Ambassador or Plenipo :*

*When subjects break, or seem to break, the laws,*

*Each fees an advocate to plead his cause:*

*So we great Poets of the present Age,*

*Who with our sterling wit supply the stage,*

*Are wont to send an actor smirking, smart,*

*To clear the course with Prologue ere we start.*

*I would have done so too—But, cries the elf,*

*Here take your Prologue, Sir, and speak't yourself.*

*You may have sense and wit for aught I know,*

*But, faith, this Prologue, Sir, will never do.*

*Not do ! indignant turning thus away,*

*I half determin'd to withdraw my play ;*

*But thought it would be just, on no pretence,*

*That you should suffer for his want of sense.*

*Why, Sir, continu'd he, you'll surely own,*

*That I must know some little of the town.*

*First, let me tell you, if you do not know it,*

*That more humility becomes a Poet ;*

*You ought to tell the house your all depends*

*On their applause, and call them your best friends.*

*You ought to whisper, " If they'll but excuse*

*" Th' advent'rous sallies of an infant muse,*

*" You'll write the better as you write the longer,*

*" And soar much higher when your wings are stronger."*

## P R O L O G U E.

*This you should promise, tho' you ne'er perform;*

*A well-tim'd promise oft averts a storm.*

*Then you should throw some flumm'ry in their eyes;*

*For adulation hurts not e'en the wise.*

*Hold, hold, I cry'd, you quite mistake the matter;*

*The man is yet unborn whom I would flatter.*

*Let starving poets cringe, that they may dine,*

*I have my mutton and my glass of wine.*

*My judges are the sons of liberty:*

*I'd have their judgment as themselves be free.*

*My farce, I wish not down your throats to cram it;*

*If it deserve damnation, damn it, damn it.*

Dramatis





## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

ÆSCULAPIUS.  
HIPPOCRATES.  
THEOPHRASTUS.  
GALEN.  
PARACELSUS.  
HOFFMAN.  
SYDENHAM.  
BOERHAAVE.  
VAN HELMONT.  
BARTHOLIN.  
KERCKRINGIUS.  
JUSTICE.  
SCRIBO, *his Clerk.*  
WAITER.  
WATCHMEN.  
APOTHECARY.  
MUTE PHYSICIANS.  
CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, BARBERS, &c.

### W O M E N.

HYGEIA, *Goddeſs of Health.*  
JASO, *Daughter to Æſculapius. An old Maid dreſt in  
the Pink of the Mode.*  
MARGERY, *her Maid.*  
DOLL, *Maid-ſervant to the Juſtice.*  
WHORES.

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T H E  
S I E G E, &c.

---

ÆSCULAPIUS in the Chair.

HIPPOCRATES.

THEOPHRASTUS.

GALEN.

*Four mute Physicians.*

PARACELSUS.  
HOFFMAN.

BOERHAAVE.

VAN HELMONT,

SYDENHAM.

BARTHOLIN.

KERCKRINGIUS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

FELLOWS, and likewise ye of less account,  
But doctors all, your Æsculapius  
Wisheth you health and peace, and many a  
fee.

Ye are this day conven'd, because, because;  
Because ye are conven'd, no matter why.

B

PA.

PARACELSUS.

Most noble Æsculapius, let me crave  
Your pardon, that before your speech begin,  
Your speech I interrupt, to signify  
That you're an afs.

GALEN.

An afs!

HIPPOCRATES.

An afs!

THEOPHRASTUS.

An afs!

PARACELSUS.

An afs. If I have ears, and in those ears  
A drum, a hammer, and an anvil be;  
And ears methinks I have of ample size,  
Tho' hid beneath this royal-oak of hair:  
Then did I hear your Worship somewhat talk  
Of fellows and of some of less account.  
What means such jargon? 'Tis a vile affront.  
Down with distinctions. We are Doctors all;  
And can we not alike, or cure, or kill?

HIPPOCRATES.

Immortal Gods! what do I hear of ears?  
Would I had none at all! Alas the day,

That



That I should live to hear your Worship call'd  
An ass! Poor Paracelsus, thou art mad,  
Or drunk. I pity thee with all my soul.

## GALEN.

An't please your Worship, if I may presume  
To give advice before so many wigs,  
Exceeding mine as far in magnitude  
As yon bright sun exceeds a farthing candle,  
If haply I may speak among such wigs,  
I do advise, that Paracelsus strait  
May be trepann'd, bled, blister'd, puk'd, and  
purg'd:  
Or, if perchance you deem him only drunk,  
Let Margery conduct him safe to bed.

## BOERHAAVE.

Hold thy opprobrious tongue. Who wrongs my  
friend  
Wrongs me. I tell thee, he's nor mad nor drunk;  
But nobly in the cause of liberty  
Stands forth; nor shall he ever want support  
So long as Boerhaave's arm can wield a sword.  
This castle is our right: And if there be  
Who dare dispute that right, or would exclude,  
From these our own domains, its lawful heirs,  
We tell them, in defiance, that we wear  
Toledos trusty on as brawny thighs  
As any they can boast.

## THEOPHRASTUS.

O all ye powers  
 That sit above and turn th'electric wheel!  
 Sure ye electrified the silver moon  
 And sent her down to earth to give a spark  
 Of lunacy to these rebellious sons:  
 Else whence this dreaming of equality?  
 This strange forgetfulness of what they owe  
 To age, to merit, learning, and to law?  
 Strait let some pedagogue with birchen rod  
 Be call'd, and let him flog these wayward boys,  
 'Till they shall know their duty.

## HOFFMAN.

Faith, well spok  
 Old Theophrastus. I revere thy age.  
 In days of yore, I ween thee wond'rous wise;  
 But now thou'rt grown a mere old apple woman.  
 I tell thee, Dad, our privilege we know,  
 And will maintain in spite of friends or foes.

## GALEN.

Peace, peace Hoffmannus, thou dost bay the moon,  
 And she but smiles contempt. Hast thou not seen  
 A generous mastiff pass along the street?  
 A score of curs, peevish and impotent,  
 Run yelping at his heels. He hardly deigns  
 A look. At length he stops, lifts his hind leg,  
 And then pursues his way.

PARA-

PARACELSUS.

Death and Old Nick!  
And is it come to this? By all the hidden powers  
Of alchemy, I swear!

GALEN.

By all the power  
Of canes and perriwigs, I swear!

PARACELSUS.

I swear  
By sun and stars, I'll be reveng'd.

GALEN.

I swear  
By moon and planets thou'rt a blockhead.

PARACELSUS.

'Sdeath!  
A blockhead! Did he truly say a blockhead?  
Now witness all ye Gods, if Gods may deem  
It worth their while to witness mortal deeds,  
Witness that I am patient; but I swear,  
For swear I must, at Batson's, when we meet,  
I'll pull thee Galen by thy ruby nose.  
And as for all these owls that take thy part,  
I'll quickly drive them from this feather'd nest,  
And hoot them to the desert whence they came.

*Hippocrates throws his wig at Paracelsus, who  
returns the compliment; the rest follow his  
example, and continue thus pelting each other  
with their perriwigs.*



ÆSCULAPIUS *rising.*

Hey dey! Hey dey! fine doings! are ye mad?  
 Or is the very devil in you all?  
 Was ever such a pack of rascals! Zounds!  
 A little more respect. By this right arm  
 I swear, I'll beat your learned heads to mummy.  
 Cease your vile rebel-rout. Peace there I say.  
 If any dare to hurl another wig,  
 By heavens that wig shall be his last. For shame,  
 Are ye like fish-wives come to pulling caps?

*[The battle ends.]*

Doctors, for shame. If any two there be  
 Among you, who as champions for the rest  
 Will prove their valour like true sons of Britain,  
 Let them stand forth and fairly box it out.

## GALEN.

I thank thee, Æsculapius. On my soul,  
 'Twas nobly said. As champion for the rest  
 Behold thy Galen, who in such a cause  
 Would fight a Slack, a Broughton, or a Devil.  
 Here I stand forth, and, herald for myself,  
 Proclaim thee, Paracelsus, a false traitor.

## PARACELSUS.

Galen, thou ly'st, and so have at thy skull.

## ÆSCULAPIUS.

Hold, on thy life, I charge thee hold.  
 What box him like a taylor? Know'st thou not

In

In these Herculean sports the laws forbid  
 To fight unstripp'd. Off with your doublets then;  
 And ye spectating doctors, stand aloof.  
 Your Æsculapius with impartial hand  
 Suspends the golden scales, and will himself  
 See fair play.

*The combatants strip, Æsculapius mounts the  
 table, and walks to the end of it, where he  
 remains standing.*

Stand aloof! And now begin  
 The combat. But before the battle join,  
 Shake hands; for so Herculean laws ordain.

*The combatants put themselves in proper Brough-  
 tonian attitudes, and make several strokes, re-  
 maining still at a distance from each other.*

*Enter Constables. All the Doctors, except the  
 combatants, save themselves by flight. The  
 table upon which Æsculapius stands is overset  
 in the confusion.*

#### FIRST CONSTABLE.

I, in the king's name, charge the peace.

#### SECOND CONSTABLE.

And I

Charge peace also.

#### FIRST CONSTABLE.

Tut, neighbour Nipperkin,

B 4

I tell

I tell thee, 'tis enough for one to charge.

SECOND CONSTABLE.

And I charge peace also.

FIRST CONSTABLE.

Alack! poor man,  
It is his failing; he has got no wit.

*They seize the two champions.*

Come, come, ye drunken rascals, come along,  
We'll teach you to disturb the neighbourhood.

GALEN.

Unhand me, Villain, know'st thou who I am?

FIRST CONSTABLE.

Yes, yes, I know thee, and, what's more, I know  
That thou'lt be hang'd. But dost thou know  
likewise

That I'm the king's presentative? Come, come,  
Let's to the justice; he will teach thee sense,  
And will chastise thee for thy insolence.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jaso and Margery.*

MARGERY.

Was ever such a pack of noisy fellows!  
So! What the devil now? What fancy's this?  
Tables turn'd topsy-turvy; chairs adrift!  
Then what a floor! These doctors have again

Been



Been drunk. Was ever such a filthy herd  
Of men, of swine I mean! Out, out upon them!  
And do you think, Miss Jaso, I will rub  
And scrub my fingers to the very stumps,  
To keep a cleanly house for such a crew  
Of raggamuffins? No, I'll see them hang'd first.

JASO.

Peace, peace, good Margery, men will be men;  
They are our lords and masters, we their slaves.

MARGERY.

Slaves! 'tis a lye. I'll be a slave to no man.  
Your father, fye upon't, keeps company  
With such a pack of brawling, fighting fools,  
They turn his house into a bear-garden.  
But if I catch them here again, I swear  
By my virginity, I'll pull their ears.

JASO.

Peace, peace, sweet Madge, I tell thee men are men.

MARGERY.

I tell you, men are brutes.

JASO.

I think so too;  
Else surely two such maids as thou and I  
Had been, ere now, unmaiden'd. But no matter:  
All

All shall be well anon. The awful hour  
Glides on apace, and with impetuous stride  
Hastens to bless my *lover* with his Jaso.

MARGERY.

Pox on those dirty fellows, what a floor!

JASO.

Since 'tis decreed, thank heaven I am prepar'd.  
It must be so. The fates must be obeyed.  
I, like a tender lambkin, yield to fate.  
And yet methinks I should not yield too soon.  
What has my champion done to win my love?  
What dragon slain, or what achiev'd in war?  
What knight unhors'd in joust or tournament?  
What trophies lain at his princess's feet?  
No, no, it shall not be; honour forbids.  
The gallant Paracellus must do more

MARGERY.

Who he? a scavenger! a paultry knave!  
He fight! a whorson varlet, he be hang'd.  
A taylor got him on a cinder wench.

JASO.

Ye Gods, what do I hear! ill-manner'd Minx!  
Thus to begrine the spotless name of him  
My soul adores! A thousand blisters scald  
Thy stand'rous tongue. There, take thee that,  
and learn  
More courtesy.

[Gives her a box on the ear.]

M A R-

MARGERY.

Nay, if you come to that,  
Take back a Rowland for your Oliver.  
[Knocks off her bead dress, and exit.]

JASO.

O heavens, my perriwig, my perriwig!  
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A room in the Justice's house.*

*Enter Justice and his Clerk. Being seated at the table,*

JUSTICE,

Well, Scribo, so thou say'st 'tis wond'rous fine.

SCRIBO.

An't please your Worship, never in my life  
Did I behold a finer griskin. True,  
It cost your Worship ninepence and threepfarthings;  
But th' eye of wanton luxury ne'er did gaze  
On finer pork.

JUSTICE.

Let t'other farthing go  
For mustard.

SCRI-



SCRIBO.

Sir, I do believe 'tis gone;  
For as I pass'd the kitchen door, I saw  
Doll sally forth; and, if these eyes be true,  
She cross'd the channel, and then stear'd her course  
Right for the chandler's shop. This circumstance,  
Join'd to the broken tea-cup in her hand,  
Creates suspicion that the mustard's ready.

JUSTICE.

Good Scribo, thou shalt sup with me to-night.

SCRIBO.

I thank your Worship.

JUSTICE.

Tut, I want no thanks:  
And yet a supper at a rich man's table  
Is somewhat; but no matter, 'tis my will.  
O Scribo, we shall sup to-night like kings!

*Enter Constables and the two Champions in their shirts,  
but with old great coats over their shoulders.*

Pox on you for a pack of lawless villains!  
And so the devil needs must send you hither  
Just at my supper time. This Holborn gang  
Hath cost more trouble to the magistrate  
Than all the rogues in England put together.

Thus

Thus they come dropping in by two's and three's,  
Like scatter'd sheep. Why what a wretched crew  
Ye are of skulking dogs, unsociable.  
Is there no fellowship among you? Well,  
I'm glad however ye are caught at last.  
Scribo, my book,—Page twenty, Holborn gang.

*[Looking at the index,*

Here's the account.—Debtor, rogues thirty-six :  
Credit, by Tyburn ten, transported twelve,  
And also twelve acquitted. Scribo, here  
Cast up th'account.

S C R I B O.

Ten rogues and twelve  
Is twenty-two, and twelve is thirty-four ;  
From thirty-six, and there remaineth two.

J U S T I C E.

So, these are then the last. Th'account is ballanc'd.

S E C O N D C O N S T A B L E.

An't please your Highness, I'm John Nipperkin,  
And so, as how——

F I R S T C O N S T A B L E.

Tush, neighbour Nipperkin,  
Let me reproach his Worship. Please your Worship,  
As I was saying, saving your Honour's presence,  
I and my brother officer, a man  
Of no account, but honest, more's the pity.

J U S T I C E.

JUSTICE.

Silence! I'll hear no more. I know it all;  
Else wherefore sit I here? I mark them both  
For arrant knaves as ever stretch'd a rope.  
As to the how and why, and this and t'other,  
It matters not. He ill deserves the name  
Of Justice, who wants proof and circumstance  
To know a rogue.

GALEN.

I hope a gentleman  
May be allow'd—

JUSTICE.

Peace, Rascal: Gentleman!

PARACELSUS.

Yes, Gentleman. Thou dar'st not, for thy life—

JUSTICE.

Silence, I say. What dare I not, lewd Knave?  
I'll make thee know, I dare commit thee hence  
To Newgate.

*Enter Doll.*

DOLL.

Zounds! your griskin will be spoilt.

JUSTICE.

Forbid it, Jupiter! Away, away.

Go



[ 15 ]

Go lodge them safe in Newgate; and, d'ye hear,  
Let them be laid in irons. Hence! begone!

[*Exeunt.*]

DOLL.

Three halfpence farthing, Sir.

JUSTICE.

No, Doll, to-night

I treat my clerk, so let it be a pot.

There's a groat for thee; so—

[*Exit Doll.*]

Now come along,

Good Scribo, tho' my clerk, yet friend and neighbour,  
Now will we reap the fruit of all our labour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter Van Helmont in his cloak and a dark lantern in his hand.*

VAN HELMONT *solus.*

Now hath the Æthiopian God of night  
Drawn his dark curtain o'er this nether world.  
The city sleeps profound, and labour rests  
In peace; except where busy conscience, stung  
By retrospection of the day's ill deeds,  
With iron javelin arm'd, bestrides the pillow,  
And driveth rest away. No more is heard  
The buz of jostling crouds, the deaf'ning roar  
Of flounders, or the shrill ear-piercing cry

Of

Of herrings fresh, or mack'rel, or live cod,  
The tinman's, and the brazier's hammer sleeps.  
No found salutes the ear.

Past one o'clock! [*Within.*

Then 'tis the fatal hour. Beneath the roof  
Of that lewd tavern, dire conspiracy  
Awakes; the chiefs are met, and haply now  
The fate of Æsculapius is decreed.

*Enter three drunken street-walkers.*

Ah! who comes here? Females and maids of honour  
To the chaste Cyprian Queen,

FIRST WHORE.

You lye, ye Brim.  
By heavens, you're drunk as hell. Soho! What's  
this! [*They all lay bold of him.*  
As I'm a maid, I take it for a doctor.  
Come, damme, Doctor, give's a glass of wine.

VAN HELMONT.

Stand off, vile strumpets.

SECOND WHORE.

Doctor, feel my pulse.

FIRST WHORE.

Blast me, if I have drank a drop to-night.

VAN HELMONT.

Stand off, I say.

I

THIRD

THIRD WHORE.

Come, damme, but you shall.

VAN HELMONT.

Let go my cloak.

FIRST WHORE.

My dear, dear life,  
By this sweet perriwig, I do protest  
You shall not go, till we have drank one glafs.

VAN HELMONT.

Damnation! let me go, or, by this light,  
I'll call the Watch.

SECOND WHORE.

And who the Devil cares?

FIRST WHORE.

Come, damme, Doctor, lend me half a crown.

VAN HELMONT.

Stand off, I say.

FIRST WHORE.

For, sink me, if I've drank  
One fingle glafs this blessed night.

C

VAN



[ 18 ]

VAN HELMONT.

Watch! watch!

FIRST WHORE.

Damme, a shilling then.

VAN HELMONT.

Watch! watch! watch! watch!

FIRST WHORE.

Or six-pence for a dish of tea.

THIRD WHORE.

*[Having daubed her fingers in the dirt, she draws them down his face.]*

Deaf Doctor,

Blast your sweet phiz.

VAN HELMONT,

Watch! murder! murder! watch!

FIRST WHORE.

A pimping dog!

*[Snatching his hat.]*

SECOND WHORE.

Old prig, I'll have thy bush.

*[Snatching his perriwig.] Exit Whores.*

VAN

VAN HELMONT.

Hell, and the devil! Watch! murder! murder!  
watch! *[Exit on the other side.]*

*Enter two Watchmen.*

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Pox take your caterwauling, what a noise  
Is here. A man may venture now they're gone.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

I'll budge no farther, come what will.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

'Tis well,  
The birds are flown.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

Ay marry, well it is;  
Hang 'em for whoreson varlets, let 'em go;  
Whole bones are best, say I.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Thou sayest right,  
Good Toby. Mark me this. If such there be  
Who say they'd rather fight than go to supper,  
And if he were a lord, or constable,  
Who this did say, say thou, he is an ass.

C 2

SECOND

SECOND WATCHMAN.

And so be hang'd for that I so did say.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Go to, I tell thee, man. Now mark me this :  
A lord, a constable, a judge may be  
An ass.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

Well, well, a man may live and learn.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

*A Tavern.*

*Hoffman, Sydenham, Boerhaave, Bartholin,  
Kerckringius seated round a table. Bottles and  
glasses.*

HOFFMAN.

Imprisoned?

SYDENHAM.

Yes, imprisoned, and in chains.

HOFFMAN.

Our chief, our leader held in durance vile !  
Alas ! poor Paracelsus ! who shall now

Command



Command our legions, who in their tame souls  
Blow up the flame of war? Alas! I fear.

BOERHAAVE.

Thy fears, Hoffmannus, like me not. What tho'  
Great Paracelsus be in Newgate pent,  
There are who can command as well as he.  
By heavens I do rejoice at what thou deem'st  
Misfortune; for with double fury charg'd  
Releas'd from durance, he will strew the foe  
Like chaff. Mean while if ye can brook advice,  
Van Helmont may assume his place and pow'r.

*Enter Van Helmont.*

BARTHOLIN.

Angels and all ye pow'rs!

KERCKRINGIUS.

A ghost!

HOFFMAN.

A devil!

BOERHAAVE.

What art thou? speak. Or ghost, or devil, speak.  
Why glare thy saucer eyes? say what's thy will?  
What great behest? O ghost, unfold thy tale,  
And let not us, poor trembling mortals, marr  
Our galligaskins.

VAN HELMONT.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

What know ye not Van Helmont?

C 3

HOFF-

HOFFMAN.

Van Helmont!

BOERHAAVE.

It is indeed his tongue.

VAN HELMONT.

What mean those fears,  
Those blood-forsaken cheeks, and quiv'ring lips?  
Is it because I stand, like a bare block,  
Who, for the day, hath lent his silver mane  
To judge or chancellor?

HOFFMAN.

Hail, valiant chief;  
For such thou art, tho' much begrim'd thy face.

VAN HELMONT.

Begrim'd!

HOFFMAN.

E'en so it is.

VAN HELMONT.

It matters not.  
What ho! who waits there?

WAITER *within*.

Coming, coming, Sir.

*Enter Waiter.*

VAN

VAN HELMONT.

Commend me to mine hostess; say I crave  
My landlord's night-cap.

WAITER.

Yes, and please your Honour. *[Exit.]*

BARTHOLIN.

But will our chief not deign to wash his face?

VAN HELMONT.

'Twere time misus'd, when time is on the wing.  
Who but begrimes my beard, begrimes not me.  
Believe me, Bartholin, it matters not,  
Whether this cuticle be white or black.  
Othello, thou hast read, from head to heel  
By nature grim'd, was yet a valiant soldier.

*[Enter Waiter, gives the night-cap and exit.]*

So, so: now to the business of the night.

BOERHAAVE.

First, great VanHelmont, know, our common voice,  
Whilst Paracelsus drags ignoble chains,  
Hath call'd thee his lieutenant, and we hail  
Thee chief of all our bands. As now thou fill'st  
His place, assume his chair.

VAN HELMONT.

Your will be done.

*[Sits down at the head of the table.]*

C 4

Brethren,



Brethren, and fellow-foldiers, take my thanks,  
 For that ye lift me to this high command.  
 Now say what news, what dire revenge befits  
 Our late indignity, and what the means?  
 But ere you speak, let's not forget the house.  
 Fill all your glasses; fill them to the brim.  
 Health to ourselves, and to our foes confusion!

HOFFMAN.

Amen.

SYDENHAM.

Amen.

BOERHAAVE.

Amen.

BARTHOLIN.

Amen.

KERCKRINGIUS.

Amen.

HOFFMAN.

Fame with her brazen trumpet hath divulg'd  
 That Æsculapius, with his fellow-tribe,  
 Have seal'd their iron gates and fortify'd  
 Their castle.

VAN HELMONT.

Now, by heav'n's it likes us well!  
 What then remains, but that with force of war  
 We strait assail their portals, scale their walls,  
 Ravish their females, 'tis the soldier's prize,

And

And kill and plunder, cuckold and destroy?  
 Our troops are all prepar'd. Hoffman, you lead  
 The band of chimney-sweepers; they shall scale  
 The ramparts. Sydenham, you the barbers sway.  
 Boerhaave, 'tis thine to head th'apothecaries.  
 Thou, Bartholin, the surgeons shalt command,  
 And thou, Kerckringius, shalt bring up the rear.  
 With butchers arm'd with marrowbones and cleavers.  
 Now haste ye hence, and muster each his troops,  
 To-morrow's sun shall rise to set in blood.  
 My gallant friends, good night, so speed our cause,  
 As we maintain our liberty and laws.

*End of the FIRST ACT.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Prison.*

*Paracelsus solus, a pipe in his mouth, and a pot of porter before him.*

PARACELSUS.

**G**ALEN escap'd; I like not that. To me  
It bodes no good. It smells of foul intent.  
Alas! the times are sick, and much have need  
Of venesection, and cathartic strong.  
Why am I thus be-iron'd? Is it because  
A fool mistook me for a villain? Gods!  
But ye are just, and 'tis the lot of virtue.

GHOST rises.

*Paracelsus falls from his chair, and continues motionless on the ground.*

GHOST.

I am the ghost of health, that whilome blithe  
With cherry cheek, with agile limb, and strong,  
Tript nimbly o'er the land. I knew no pain  
Till, in a luckless hour, I heard thy tale,  
Coy and unwilling I did fly thy touch;  
Me with unwearied step thou didst pursue.  
I sought the fields in vain, in vain I sought  
The woodland hills: still thou didst follow me.

At



At length subdu'd, my feeble limbs refus'd  
 Their office, and I languish'd, droop'd and dy'd.  
 O Paracelsus! long remember me. *[Ghost sinks,*

## PARACELSUS.

Ghost! Ghost! Say, art thou gone, or art thou here?

*[Looks up and rises.*

'Tis gone, and if I err not, still I live. *[feeling his pulse.*

Well, 'twas a civil ghost, but ghosts at best

Portend no good to men. When churchyards yawn,

Nature is on the rack. Some dire event

Succeeds. Last night I heard the frequent tick

Of warning death-watch, mocking man's mechanism.

And now I do remember me full well,

When sleep had seal'd my eyes, that I did dream

Of rotten eggs; of dreams, alas! the worst.

Methought, as from my chariot I alit;

Where was it? Yes, 'twas at St. James's gate;

A luckless school-boy stood some ten yards off:

In his right hand he held a rotten egg;

Which, as with solemn pace I pass'd along,

He ruthless hurl'd. It clove the yielding air,

And, sad to tell, it pitch'd upon my crupper.

Such omens are the harbingers of death.

This dismal cell befriends assassination.

Yes, Murder, 'tis thy palace. Thou dost love

To dwell in prisons, and to mix warm blood

With the vile dungeon dust. Do we not read

Of princes thus dispatch'd, by the black instrument

Of usurpation, which ambition spurr'd

To hell? Yes, Paracelsus, thou, like those,

Art

Art doom'd a sacrifice to lawless pow'r.  
Thy merit is thy crime ; thou needs must fall.

*Enter Jaso, in a long camblet cloak ; the hood over  
her face.*

O my prophetic thought ! My hour is come.  
Why dost thou veil thy face ? This breathless corse  
Will tell no tales ? From me thou canst not hide  
Thy purpose, Well I know thy foul behest.  
Come, Villain, draw thy steel, it thirsts for blood.  
Yet, ere thou drench thy dagger in my guts,  
Say who commission'd thee ? Was't *Æsculapius*,  
Or was't that rascal *Galen* ? But no matter.  
Come, come, away with conscience, strike the blow.  
Ha ! dost thou tremble ? 'Tis some poultry knave  
Untramell'd in the bloody ways of hell.  
Suppose I knock him down, and send his soul  
To *Charon* 'stead of mine ? [*Rises and comes forward.*]

*Jaso throws off her cloak.*

Propitious stars !  
Am I awake ? or did I dream of Jaso ?

J A S O.

What means my love ? sure he hath lost his wits !

PARACELsus.

O yes, by heavens, 'tis she, 'tis she ! full well  
I know her silver tongue. Fly to my arms,  
Sweet paragon of beauty-blooming maids. [*embrace.*]

J A S O.

O comely youth! how it did rive my soul  
To hear of thy disastrous, cruel fate!  
To think thy polish'd limbs were laid on straw,  
And furrow'd thus by heavy iron chains,

PARACELSUS.

Thou matchless Beauty! Nature's best, kindest boon!  
But tell me, Charmer, what's the news abroad?

J A S O.

O, my sweet Love, that question leads to woe:  
The bloody-minded world is all in arms.  
Rebellion stalks abroad. I weep to tell:  
Among my father's subjects some there be,  
Whom discontent hath stir'd to foul revolt;  
They mock his power, his dignity, his laws,  
And vow to storm our castle, tear his crown  
From his white head; and, what is worse than all,  
To ravish Margery and helpless me. [Weeps.  
A black-guard army waits their dire command,  
And, if report say true, this fatal day  
Begins the siege.

PARACELSUS.

And may the thund'ring Gods  
Befriend their glorious enterprize!

J A S O.

Just heaven!  
What



What do I hear ?

PARACELSUS.

Curse on these shameful bonds !

JASO.

Art thou a Traitor ?

PARACELSUS.

O that a flash from heaven  
Would melt these vile coercive chains ! Damnation !

JASO.

Art thou then leagu'd with those rebellious sons ?

PARACELSUS.

I am.

JASO.

Indeed !

PARACELSUS.

Indeed : they're all my friends,

JASO.

Then hath perdition mark'd thee for her own,  
And I am lost beyond all hope. Farewel !  
I came to set thee free ; but 'tis no matter.

PARACELSUS.

Ah ! set me free ?

JASO.

[ 31 ]

JASO.

Farewel.

PARACELSUS.

Thou may'st not go.  
Didst thou not say, thou cam'st to set me free?

JASO.

I did.

PARACELSUS.

O speak, my Sweet, say how, where, when?

JASO.

No, Traitor, thou shalt rot in this vile dungeon;  
Think'st thou that I'll unchain a raging tyger,  
And add more prowess to puissant foes?

PARACELSUS.

Sweet Jaso, hear me speak.

JASO.

No: fare thee well.  
I'll to my father's castle strait, and there  
Expect the lawless ravisher.

PARACELSUS.

Damn'd thought!

JASO.

J A S O.

Methinks e'en now I see him mount the breach;  
And now his sacrilegious hand profanes  
This vestal shrine.

PARACELSUS.

Hell, and a thousand fiends!

J A S O.

O how he grasps me in his lusty arms!  
Fear stops my cries. My limbs are all unstrung:  
I sink a lifeless victim to his will.

PARACELSUS.

By heavens, it shall not be! Almighty Love!  
I kneel thy slave; and like great Anthony, [*kneels*.  
Here at thy altar offer up my honour.  
And now, my Cleopatra, speak thy pleasure. [*rising*.

J A S O.

First let me welcome thy returning love. [*embrace*.  
Now take this cloak, and, like the Trojan chief,  
Pass unobserv'd: Then haste thee to the castle.  
This ring gains thee admittance. Speed thy flight.  
And leave the rest to Fortune. Fare thee well.

[*Exit Paracelsus.*

*Jaso being seated, the scene closes.*

SCENE



SCENE II.

*St. Paul's Church-Yard.*

*Enter Van Helmont, Boerhaave, Hoffman, Sydenham,  
Bartholin, and Kerckringius.*

VAN HELMONT.

Thanks to Old Time, at last the lazy sun  
Peeps thro' the crimson curtains of the east,  
And gilds the cloud-environ'd dome of Paul's.  
Hail! thou auspicious day, by fate ordain'd  
To give to mortals immortality!

How fares it with our troops? Are they prepar'd  
To meet the foe. Are all our bands array'd?

BOERHAAVE.

Like the swift courser, starting from the goal,  
Whom yet the rider, 'till the signal sounds,  
Detains, and scarce detains, they spurn the ground,  
Impatient of delay. They prance on tip-toe,  
And frequent lift their greasy beavers up  
To listen for the par lance of our drums.  
As thro' the ranks but now I pass'd, they cry'd,  
God bless your Honour, we are starv'd to death.

VAN HELMONT.

Starv'd did they say? They shall be warm anon.  
Yes, Friends and Fellow-soldiers, well I ween  
'Twill be a sultry noon, a day of fire,

D

A bloody-

A bloody-nos'd, a broken-pated day.

What says our fable troop, our Black Hussars?  
Seem they resolv'd to scale the castle walls?

HOFFMAN.

Beneath the moon, a more intrepid band,  
May not be found. My life upon their deed.  
They too, but thinly garb'd, as light troops should,  
Thus hug themselves, and cry their toes are cold.

VAN HELMONT.

Give each a glass of gin, 'twill warm their toes,  
And add fresh fuel to the flame of war.

*Enter Apothecary.*

APOTHECARY.

My Lord, a spy, a spy, a spy, my Lord.

VAN HELMONT.

Let him be hang'd.

APOTHECARY.

Him, nay belike 'tis her,  
'Tis he, 'tis she, or 'tis hermaphrodite.

VAN HELMONT.

What mean thy words? Brief, good Apothecary.

I

A P O-

APOTHECARY.

My Lord, a female, so in sooth she seem'd,  
Lurk'd in our camp, and parley'd with our troops.  
A lusty knave, for soldiers will be wicked,  
Suppos'd her what she seem'd, as who might not,  
And so would needs exert his privilege.  
When lo! he found the wench to be no wench,  
But a tall varlet, in a female guise.

VAN HELMONT.

Enough, go, let the varlet strait be hang'd.

APOTHECARY.

My Lord shall be obey'd. [Exit.]

VAN HELMONT.

Now beat the march.  
You, Boerhaave, lead the van. Haste to you post,  
And tell your sooty tribe, preferment waits  
On him who first shall mount the battlement.

*Enter Apothecary.*

APOTHECARY.

My Lord, this he, the thing, like a bold knave,  
Refuses to be hang'd. See where he comes.

[Enter Paracelsus.]



VAN HELMONT.

Ah! Villain! Whence this daring? But no matter,  
My sword in thee shall whet its appetite, [*draws.*  
For richer food prepar'd for our repast.

[*Paracelsus throws off his cloak.*  
The general! then my occupation's gone! [*Aside.*

HOFFMANN.

O bounteous heaven, our chief!

BOERHAAVE.

Miraculous!

VAN HELMONT.

Thrice welcome, Paracelsus. I rejoice  
At your enlargement, and do hail you chief  
Of our embattled host. A braver crew  
Of raggamuffins, and tatterdemalions,  
Ne'er danc'd, in Bird-Cage-Walk, to fife or drum,  
Even Falstaff's men were gentlemen to ours.

PARACELSUS.

Now, by th'intrepid Mars, I'm glad to hear it,  
Believe me, Sirs, rich soldiers are poor fighters.  
When men have nought to lose, and much to win,  
They'll fight in expectation of rich booty;  
Which being gain'd, the smell of gunpowder  
Doth make them sick. But come, let's to the siege,  
Give me a sword.

VAN

VAN HELMONT.

My Lord, accept this staff.

PARACELUS:

Cousin of Helmont, take our richest thanks.  
 Thou, like a trusty Ancient, hast array'd  
 Our soldiery, and in all circumstance  
 Of preparation, love, and courtesy,  
 Hast prov'd thyself our kinsman and our friend.  
 Now let our tuneful drums strike up a march;  
 Our fifes play *Nancy Dawson*; to which tune,  
 Preserving time and due admeasurement,  
 Let our whole army, officers and all,  
 Dance on to victory with one accord.

*[Drum beats and fifes play Nancy Dawson.]*  
 March!

*[Exeunt dancing.]*

*Chimney-sweepers, Barbers-boys, &c. are seen  
 at a distance dancing across the stage to the  
 same tune.*

D 3

SCENE

SCENE III.

*A room in the Castle of Æsculapius.*

*Æsculapius, Hippocrates, Theophrastus, Galen,  
Jaso, and three mute Physicians.*

ÆSCULAPIUS.

My faithful friends, once more well met in council ;  
Our business is not now, as heretofore,  
To brood on lythontriptics, menagogues,  
Cathartics, cardiacs, and carminatives.  
Matters unlike to these demand your skill.  
Our quondam sons, from their allegiance fall'n,  
Have rous'd Rebellion, sleeping in her den,  
And led her to our gates.

GALEN.

There to be crush'd  
To death. By this right arm, if she but dare  
To come within the purchase of my sword,  
I'll sever from the trunk her brazen head,  
And fling it to the dogs.

HIPPOCRATES.

It cannot be ;  
Tho' much, I know, they dare, yet dare they not  
Assault our Castle gates. But say, They do,  
Our arms are not so time shrunk, so enerv'd,  
But we may yet discomfit and repel

A thou-



A thousand such unfeather'd boys as these.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Befhrew me, but I marvel at your words;  
Yet marvelling approve; for words they are  
That speak your worth in war and chivalry.

*Enter Margery.*

MARGERY.

Oh, Sirs, the foe is on the march; they say,  
He comes, at least, full fifty thousand strong.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Full fifty thousand, say'st thou, Madge? 'Tis well;  
The crows will have a rich repast to-night.

MARGERY.

That mongrel, Paracellus, leads them on. [*Exit.*]

JASO.

Ah! Paracellus! All the devils in hell  
Singe the vile miscreant!

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Fye, fye, my daughter.

JASO.

Go to: 'twould make a vestal swear. A rogue;

D 4

A pimple

A pimping, snivelling, vile, deceitful knave.  
O! I could tear his green eyes from their sockets.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

The wench is mad.

*Enter Margery.*

MARGERY.

Arm, arm, they're at your gates.

*[they all rise.]*

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Then 'tis no time for parlance. Haste ye hence,  
Quicker than light'ning, see our gates secur'd.  
Bar ev'ry door. Our engine shall be fill'd  
From yon huge reservoir of ancient *Ouron*.  
Our present need requires that, for a time,  
Th' hysteric world lack hartshorn. Thou, Margery,  
Bestride the top, and to the engine-pipe  
Due guidance give. These sages pump below.  
Jaso, thou shalt ascend the battlement;  
There with thy chamber urn expect the foe:  
And if he dare advance, do thou let fall  
A cat'ract alkaline upon his head.  
Away! each to his post. Ourself will mount  
The cupola; 'tis the new mode of war,  
That gen'ral do retire from danger far.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The Castle at a distance.*

*Drums and fifes within play Nancy Dawson; the  
sound approaching gradually.*

*Enter Paracelsus, and the other captains, dancing.*

PARACELSUS.

Halt! halt! here let us breathe awhile;  
Our troops do lack repose. 'Twere unadvis'd  
T'affail the fortrefs with a panting host.

BOERHAAVE.

Panting? Egad this dance hath broke my wind,  
Pox on their fashions!

PARACELSUS.

Cousin of Boerhaave, say  
Likest thou not this new-invented mode  
Of discipline; this marching to some tune?

BOERHAAVE.

It likes not me.

PARA-



PARACELSUS.

Then thou art out of fashion:  
Good Cousin, these are cap'ring, prancing times.  
Know'st thou not why these streets are newly pav'd  
With Caledonian flints, exchange'd for gold?

BOERHAAVE.

I know it not.

PARACELSUS.

Then I will tell thee, Coz,  
It hath in council lately been resolv'd,  
That on my Lord Mayor's day, my Lord himself,  
His aldermen and banner'd companies,  
Shall, from the pond'rous mansion to St. Paul's,  
Dance to an ancient tune yclept Black Joke.  
But now of this enough. Behold the pile  
Destin'd to fall a victim to our wrongs.  
Thou, Hoffman, with thy sable sons of smoke,  
Like Titans scaling heaven, begin'st the attack.  
But we with-hold our rage, till with his corps  
Van Helmont join us.

HOFFMAN.

I do marvel much  
That he doth tarry thus.

PARACELSUS.

I marvel not:

Thou

Thou know'st I mark'd his rout thro' ancient streets,  
Streets yet unpolish'd; hence he needs must dance  
*Adagio*, whilst *allegro* we.

*Enter Apothecary.*

APOTHECARY.

My Lord!  
Van Helmont with his myrmidons have join'd  
The enemy, who from their fally-port  
Have issu'd all their power; and even now  
They do advance to give us battle.

PARACELSUS.

Now, by the Gods, thy news is worth a kingdom!  
Unhouse your glittering swords. Your trumpets  
sound,  
And let the brazen din of boist'rous war  
Rend the high vault of heaven, and stun the foe!  
[Alarm to battle. *Exeunt.*

*Re-enter fighting. Paracelsus and his troops are  
driven across the stage by Æsculapius, &c.*

*Enter Paracelsus on one side the stage; Jaso, armed  
with a broom, and Margery, with a mop, on the  
other.*

PARACELSUS.

Confusion! I had rather meet the devil.

JASO.

JASO.

Ah! Traitor, have I found thee? Now, ye pow'rs;  
Befriend an injur'd maid, and teach me how  
To make a ghost of this unhallow'd knave.

*They fall upon him pell-mell. He wards the blows  
for some time with his sword, but at last tum-  
bles over the body of a dead chimney-sweeper.*

PARACELSUS.

Mercy, sweet Jaso! Oh, I'm slain, I'm slain!

JASO.

Peace, rascal, die, and save the hangman trouble.

MARGERY.

There, take thee that, and tell old Beelzebub,  
'Twas Margery that sent thee to the devil.

[Alarm.

JASO.

The battle comes this way. 'Tis time to fly.  
But ere I leave thee, take this last farewell.

*[gives him a blow, and retires with Margery.*

*Re-enter the armies fighting.*

*A loud clap of thunder. The combatants stand  
agbafst.*

ODE,



## O D E.

*Sung by voices at a distance, during the descent of Hygeia.*

**S**HE comes, she comes, the blooming goddess comes!

Peace, ye trumpets and ye drums.  
Gently descending on a cloud,  
She comes to quell your clamour loud.  
'Tis young Hygeia from above,  
'Tis fair Hygeia, queen of health.  
A blessing greater than your wealth,  
Sent by Olympian Jove.  
Behold her clad in heavenly charms,  
Hallow'd the day that gave her birth!  
Receive her, mortals, with expanded arms.  
Welcome, welcome her return to earth.

## HYGEIA.

Doctors, attend! from the Olympian court,  
I come to end your wars, and spoil your sport.  
Great Jove, offended at your foolish noise,  
Better befitting termagants or boys,  
Commands that now all civil discord cease,  
And that, henceforward, Doctors keep the peace.

Behold your Castle crumble into dust:  
It needs must fall, for Jove hath said it must.

*[The Castle falls to the ground.]*

Best

Best source of pleasure, fellowship and mirth;  
 I come, once more, to dwell with men on earth.  
 Farewel your occupation, and your wealth.  
 Now tremble, Doctors, for my name is HEALTH.  
 Put up your swords, obedient to the law;  
 Physicians swords were never meant to draw.

FINIS

4 AP 54



